

STRANGE PEOPLE AND QUEER THINGS OF TO-DAY.

Little Baby Boy with Real Gray Hair and Not Yet Three Years Old.

HERE you see a little two-year-old boy who is a wonder of precociousness, and who adds to this accomplishment the equally wonderful fact that he has real gray hair. His name is Meyer Lipman and he is the son of Russian Jews, who live in Chicago, at No. 315 Blue Island avenue. He is now but seven months over two years of age, but he is as fluent of speech and as intelligent as most boys of eight.

When but 8 months old he astonished people by his ability to express himself. He talked almost as well as he does now. By the time he was a year old he could spell any word in the first reader. He talked and understood both English and German.

It is believed that this extraordinary use of his mental powers is the real reason that his hair has turned gray. His face, which is of a pale cast, gives strong evidence of his keen intellectual development. His brain is never



idle, and often, when little Meyer has shown a tendency to keep up the intense mental strain, it has been necessary to call in a physician. His recommendation has been that the lad be kept from everything that requires mental effort; that he be given the most simple toys and talked to only of the commonplace matters of eating, playing and sleeping.

It was by following this course strictly and by removing to the suburbs of Maywood for greater quiet that the child has been greatly restored to health and his hair seems to be returning to its natural black color. He has not been allowed to learn to read, although he prefers this rather than play horse with his little brother Eddie, who is also a bright child.

Little Meyer sings all the popular songs, speaks little "pieces," and spells one-syllable words without a break. The mother realizes that his mental faculties must be curbed rather than developed.

This Man Drowned His Own Child



How He Did It—Pictured by the Artist from the Man's Own Description, at Liberty, Mo.

William Carr Tells How He Deliberately Drowned His Little Daughter.

"MY wife told me that I had to get rid of Belle. She was all the time fightin' with the other child, and we couldn't get 'em to live peaceable together. She was of a mean nature, Belle was. So my wife told me to get rid of her; to take her to town and give her away."

"I left Liberty at about one o'clock. I walked all the way, fifteen miles, with Belle sometimes in my arms, sometimes walking by my side, with her hand in mine. I walked on then until I came to the Hannibal tracks. On the road I found a piece of rope, and I picked it up and put it in my inside vest pocket."

"Well, I sort of made up my mind what to do on the road. After I crossed the Hannibal tracks I came to the river. Then I walked along the bank back in the direction of Liberty, making a sort of circle around where I met the campers. Pretty soon I came to a dry creek bed that opened into the river. I wanted to drown her there, but the water was shallow and sluggish. There were sandbanks, and the place was no good."

"Then I walked up the river, looking around for the right place. It wasn't long until I came to where the water was deep and the current ran swift. I laid Belle down and got out the rope, and tied Belle's arms around her. There were stones around there, lots of them, and I picked up one that weighed four or five pounds. I tied it good and fast around her. Then I was ready. I lifted her up and threw her in, far out, with all my might."

"She made a big splash, and I watched and watched, but she never came up. The river was dark. It was after sundown."

A Pampered Boston Parrot with Four Thousand Dollars in the Bank.

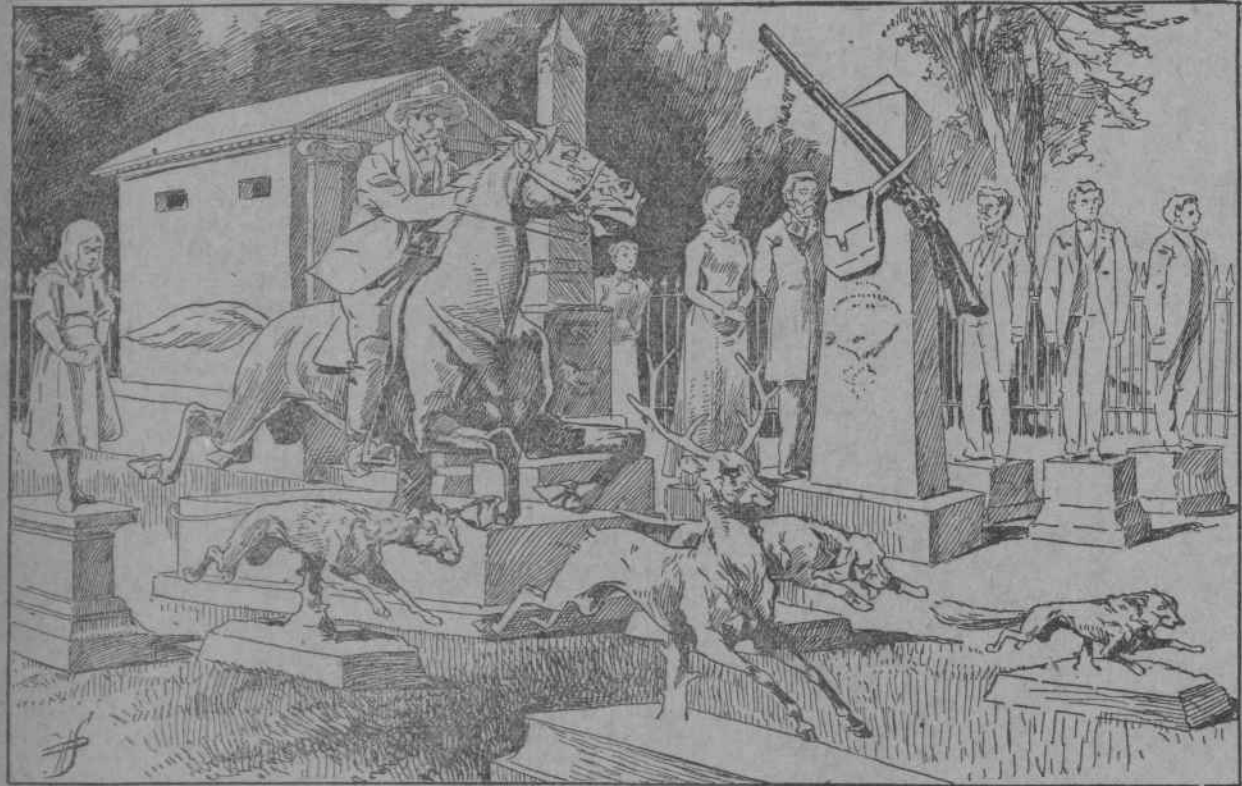
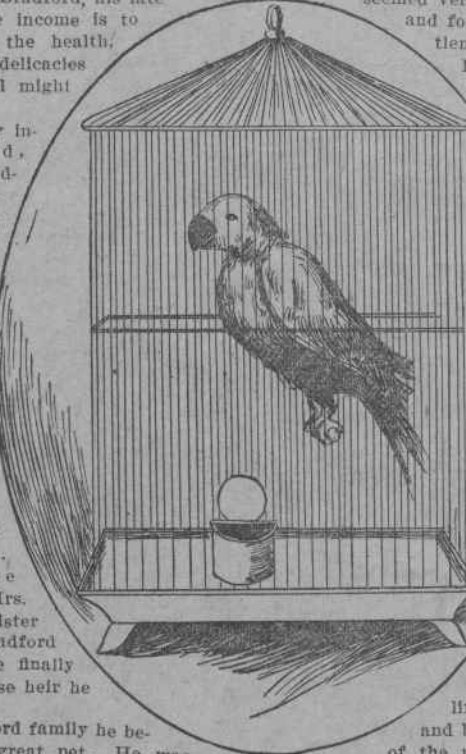
A POLL PARROT with a bank account of \$4,000 lives in luxury at the Hotel Gladstone, Roxbury, Boston. The \$4,000 is a legacy left him by Mrs. Mary D. Bradford, his late mistress. The income is to give him all the health, comfort and delicacies a pretty poll might wish.

He is a very interesting bird, with all the education and refinement that a long life in Boston can give. He came from Brazil some twenty-five years ago, an ignorant, though beautiful, fellow, and since then he has never been outside of the Hub. His first home was with Mrs. McDonald, a sister of the Mrs. Bradford with whom he finally lived, and whose heir he now is.

In the Bradford family he became a very great pet. He was especially the favorite of Mr. Bradford, upon whose shoulder he would sit for hours in deep thought. His conversation was never of the flippant, chattering sort. He

would always speak when spoken to or when occasion seemed to make it necessary, but he never talked, as most parrots do, simply to hear his own voice. He seemed very fond of Mr. Bradford, and for weeks after that gentleman's death he mourned. But after a while he came to look upon his sorrow philosophical and began to show as much attention to Mrs. Bradford as he had to her husband.

That Mrs. Bradford was extremely fond of Polly is shown by the provision she made for him in her will. The \$4,000 is to be invested in mortgages by Mr. George H. Pierce, who is made trustee by the will. He is to support the parrot through the rest of his life. He is groomed, fed and bathed with all the care of the most prized pet in the world. He has all the palatable viands in the market, such as polls eat. For instance, he has a select assortment of crackers, well pickled nuts, seedless raisins and cake.



How a Kentucky Hunter Has Laid Out His Cemetery Lot with Statues of His Relatives and Friends and His Favorite Horse and Hounds, a Fox, a Deer and Even His Shotgun. (From photo.)

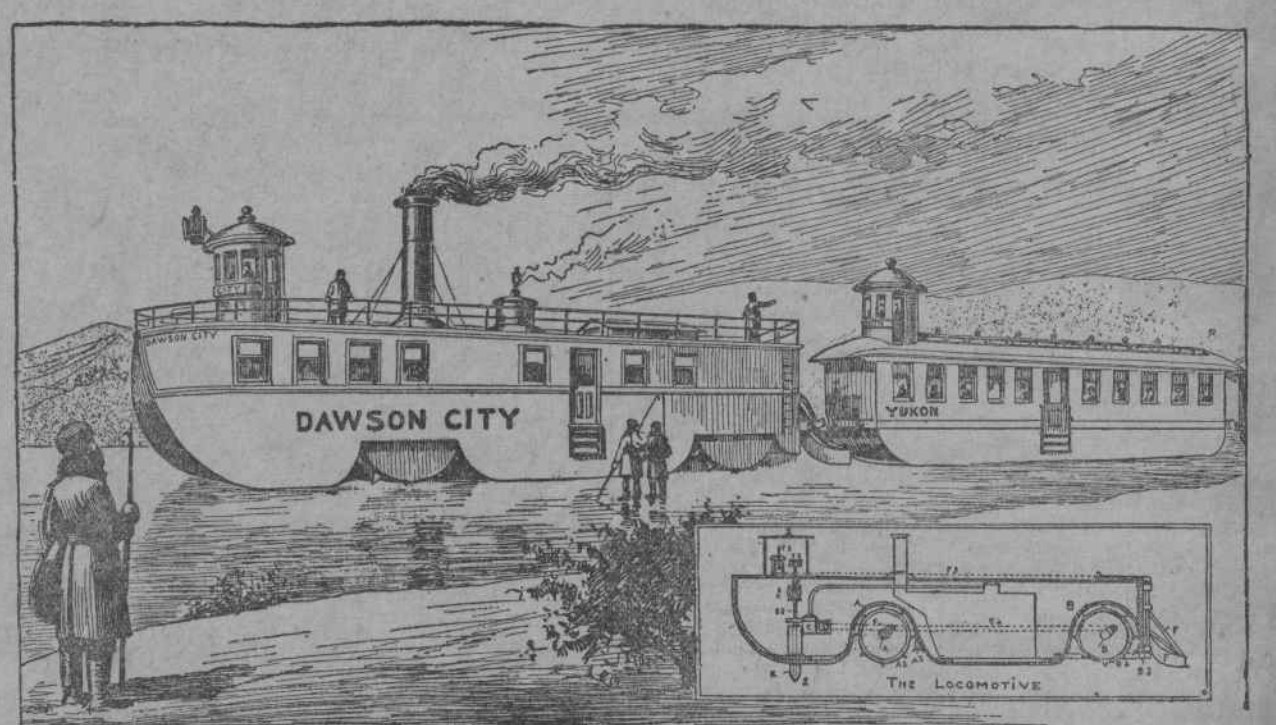
Most Remarkable Private Cemetery in the World.

A ripe old seventy-five a curious good fellow down in Mayfield, Ky., has laid out the scheme of the most extraordinary private cemetery in the world. "Uncle Henry" Woodbridge proposes to mark his last resting place with a group of statues, including all those nearest and dearest to him in life, including man, woman, children and animals. And to cap the climax of his peculiar taste, he will have built a statue chiselled in imitation of his trusty shotgun, victor in many a memorable run with the hounds. In fact it is the hunting spirit which dominates the cemetery as a whole.

"Uncle Henry," a gay old bachelor and a famous Nimrod, was an ardent fox hunter and had a fine pack of hounds. Mounted upon his hunting horse, Pop, with his favorite foxhound, Bob, in the lead, he has spent many a night in the chase. His deerhound, Towhead, was especially dear to him, and together with Bob, is placed in front of his own mounted statue.

A deer is placed in front of Towhead, in the act of running, and a fox is before the foxhound, Bob. Thus does he do homage to the memory of his fast friends in the chase of earlier days.

"Uncle Henry" had a dear little girl friend who kindly attended him during a severe spell of sickness, and he has caused to be erected a statue of her on his lot. His mother, too, is remembered by a statue, standing at his right, and in front of her is his father. A favorite niece, Maude; his three brothers—John H., William F. and Alfred T. Woodbridge—are also there in marble lifelikeness. Even these are not sufficient to suit the old man's fancy, and statues of his sisters are to follow. The old man's idea is to have represented in his collection every person and creature he loves in the world. His remains are to lie in a sarcophagus.



Proposed Locomotive and Car for the Klondike, Built on the Principle of Snow Shoes, with Big, Wide, Toothed Wheels, and Calculated to Run Over the Frozen Rivers and Snow Clad Plains. (From inventor's design.)

Paris Has a New Venus to Amuse Her

A BEAUTIFUL antique bronze statue of a woman has been unearthed on the mountain of Saint Genevieve, near the Fosses Saint-Jacques, in the heart of Paris. The statue has been called "The Venus of the Mountain." It is similar in its general character and pose to the celebrated Venus de Medici and dates from the first centuries A. D. A similar statuette is preserved in the Louvre.



Bronze Antique Statue of Venus, Dug Up the Other Day in Paris and Called "The Venus of the Mountain."

Dived 85 Feet Off a Cliff Into the Pacific.

"HURRAH!" cried the ten thousand spectators. Then, looking down, far down over the cliff into the sea, they saw the brave swimmer battling with the breakers and nearing the shore. The swimmer, O. C. Schulte, had just dived from a platform above the famous Cliff House, overlooking San Francisco's harbor, eighty-five feet straight down into the briny on a chill November day. He had poised himself for an instant, and then, straight as an arrow and swift as a bird, he dropped headlong through the air. His trim, supple figure cleaved the water an instant later, there was a sharp splash, the diver went down under the waves, there was silence for a minute, and then the shout as of one mighty voice, "Hurrah!" as Schulte's curly head reappeared and he was seen swimming strongly for the safer water outside the breakers and then for the shore.

He was loudly cheered when he walked out of the water and was carried, shoulder high, to the club room of the California Swimming Club, of which he is a member. His own story of the performance is as follows:

"I had arranged with A. W. Wehe to count three for me as a signal to jump. When he saw that I was ready he counted the figures slowly and when he said three I jumped. I went out about two feet from the end of the plank and then head down for the full eighty-five feet. I heard a cheer distinctly as I left the board and knew just where I was every moment of the descent, which I have been told required eight seconds."

When I started I was facing Seal rocks,

but as I approached the water I passed through a strong current of air and was turned half around, alighting in the water facing the south, thus unintentionally making what is technically called a 'corkscrew' dive."

AN OLD SQUAW'S TERRIBLE DEATH IN THE FIRE SHE HAD LIGHTED HERSELF.

A STRIKING illustration of Indian stoicism was enacted recently in the vicinity of the Wichita Mountains, in the Indian Territory. Mana-Sook-A-Wan, a Comanche squaw who had been known as the oldest woman in the tribe, decided to put an end to her existence because of her inability to longer assist in any of the doings of the other Indians. She had attained the age of over one hundred years, as near as could be told by Indian calculations.

Her mode of suicide was that of burning herself to death. She had often told her relatives of her intention to end her life, but did not make any formal preparations until the day of her strange deed. She was still able to walk about the camp and to travel about in a wagon, but her inability to do other things wore upon her mind to such an extent that she decided to put an end to it all by death.

She made preparations first by sending out to all her relatives to assemble at her tepee at mid-day. All her immediate family have long been scattered or dead, and she had lived entirely alone for years.

She partook of no food or drink during the day. About noon she seated herself before her tepee to receive her relatives, whom she greeted with indifference. None of them approached her or uttered a word to dissuade her from her purpose at any time, but looked on stolidly.

After all had assembled she arose and addressed herself to them, telling that she was no longer useful, that she could no longer do anything but await death, and that she had decided to die of her own accord. She told them that she was going to the happy hunting grounds, and she hoped to meet them there. Her husband and many of her children were already there and she was going to them.

The assembled Indians did not utter a sound, but stood as though they were glad to be rid of the old woman, who had been old ever since they had known her.

She first kindled a fire in the centre of the tepee which had been her home for so long. After the fire began burning briskly



How Mana-Sook-A-Wan Died in Her Own Tepee with Her Children Mute Spectators of Her Wonderful Stoicism.

the material about her waist catching immediately. Not a cry, not a word, or even a murmur escaped her lips as the torturing flames entwined about her. She was soon enveloped in a blaze. Keeping the same posture through an ordeal which must have cost her indescribable agony, she crouched figure of the old squaw finally fell into the fire from sheer exhaustion. The fire's voluntary victim was then quickly burned to a crisp, the body at last separating into two smoldering bits of sizzling flesh and bone.

The tepee and everything in it was also consumed.

All the while the other Indians stood about and did not change their expression during the whole ghastly spectacle. It was also witnessed by two white men, who live in that part of the country, and it was through them that the particulars were learned by a correspondent of the Journal.

she asked the other Indians to gather for her a pile of fuel. This they did with the same stolid indifference which characterized their every action. A large pile of dry wood was soon gathered and heaped about the interior of her tepee.

She then arose and took all of her dresses, of which she had several, and put them all on, one over the other. These dresses were some she had obtained at the agency from white women, and were wrappers of light material. She then put on her regular buckskin dress, embroidered with beads, in Indian fashion, and about her waist wrapped a large amount of cotton cloth, burlap sack and other inflammable material.

All this she did as if it were an ordinary occurrence. Then she raised the curtains upon the other side of her tepee so that the interior could be easily seen. She made no more ceremony whatever, but pushed the dry twigs and limbs up to the fire upon all sides so as to make it as hot as possible. Her blankets were all about the fire upon the ground, and all her other belongings within the tepee.

When the fire had begun to burn briskly, without the slightest hesitancy she knelt upon the brush upon one side of the fire, and reaching over rested her hands upon the opposite side, bringing her body directly over the flames.

The material about her waist catching immediately. Not a cry, not a word, or even a murmur escaped her lips as the torturing flames entwined about her. She was soon enveloped in a blaze. Keeping the same posture through an ordeal which must have cost her indescribable agony, she crouched figure of the old squaw finally fell into the fire from sheer exhaustion. The fire's voluntary victim was then quickly burned to a crisp, the body at last separating into two smoldering bits of sizzling flesh and bone.

The tepee and everything in it was also consumed.

All the while the other Indians stood about and did not change their expression during the whole ghastly spectacle. It was also witnessed by two white men, who live in that part of the country, and it was through them that the particulars were learned by a correspondent of the Journal.

Ho! For the Klondike on the "Snow Shoe" Express.

HO for the Yukon on the Snow Shoe Limited Express. Some such advertisement as this is the prediction of the inventor of the strangest of all vehicles of propulsion intended for use in cross-country transportation up in the Klondike.

The inventor, who has applied for letters patent, has drawn upon the principle of snow shoe locomotion, that a large surface will support on loose snow an enormous weight. Engine and cars equipped according to this principle would not sink but a few inches in the snow, but would really gallop over the surface when once under good headway. The travelling would at times be somewhat uneven, and the passengers would receive a good shaking up, but Klondike prospectors and pioneers wouldn't mind this a little bit.

The whole train, including the locomotive, has a flat steel bottom, the motion being given by four steel corrugated rollers, each one-half the width of the machine, resembling those in use for leveling roads, but containing a series of eight-inch spikes, or teeth, which, in revolving, maintain a hold on the snow or ice and impart a motion which may readily reach twenty miles an hour or more.

Provision is made also for checking the impetus when ascending or descending, by means of large spikes, which act as brakes, and can be driven into the snow or ice from each car or from the locomotive on both sides.

The locomotive itself is entirely enclosed. The boiler is tubular and can be constructed of such horse power as necessity may require. After the fire is once started, crude oil or tar burners will be used as fuel, as it can more readily be transported in tanks or casks than coal or wood.

Longest Trolley Ride in the World.

THE network of trolleys with which New England is now covered makes it possible for any one to ride for 121 miles on trolley roads. This is probably the longest trolley line in the world. Beginning at Fort Phoenix, in Fairhaven, then to Nashua, New Hampshire, the route is as follows: New Bedford, Fall River, Taunton, Bridgewater, Brockton, Braintree, Quincy, Boston, Malden, Melrose, Wakefield, Reading, Wilmington, Billerica, Lowell and Dracut, to Nashua.



Swimmer Schulte's Great Dive of eighty-five feet into the Sea from the Top of the Cliff House, San Francisco.